

## The Holt County Sentinel

THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY

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## The Form.

## ENDURANCE.

"Be bitter to endure the wrong  
Which evil hands and tongues commit;  
The bold enunciation of the strong,  
The shaft of calumny and wit,  
The scornful bearing of the proud,  
The sneers and laughter of the crowd,  
And harder still it is to bear  
The censure of the good and wise,  
Who, ignorant of what you are,  
Or blinded by the slanderer's lies,  
Look coldly on or pass you by  
In silence, with averted eye.  
But when the friends in whom you trust  
As steadfast as the mountain rock,  
Fly, and are scattered like the dust,  
Before misfortune's rudest shock,  
Nor love remains to cheer your fall—  
This is more terrible than all.  
Yet even this, and these—aye more,  
Can be endured, and hope survive;  
The subtle spirit still may soar.  
Although the body fail to thrive;  
For even when the frame is broken,  
Thank God! the soul is still the same.  
Hold up your head, then, child of grief,  
Nor bleed to the temple's door;  
For soon or late must come relief.  
The darkest night will end,  
Within the heart—hope never dies;  
Trust in your God, and yet shall rise!  
Gossamer of purity and worth  
You may with calm assurance wait  
The happy resurrection of earth;  
And when the trumpet sounds the day  
To sound the spirit's onward flight,  
Still heaven, at last, the wrong shall right."

## The Story.

## A BRAVE GIRL.

In the winter of 1842, a gentleman and his daughter, a young lady, while traveling through Canada, arrived about midnight at an old-fashioned tavern. The gentleman concluded to stop there instead of going on to the village of S—, which was ten miles distant, and which they had thought to reach.

The daughter—Carrie—expressed her willingness, as the tavern presented a comfortable appearance, and they alighted, when it was plainly to be seen that the gentleman was quite lame, and which they had thought to reach.

The landlord came out, and calling a boy to take the horse and sleigh to the barn, he ushered Mr. Spencer and his daughter into a pleasant sitting-room, where a bright fire was burning on the hearth, which proved very acceptable to our travelers, who had been in the sleigh since morning.

"Your room will be ready by supper-time, sir," said the landlord, as he left the room and went into the bar-room. Supper was shortly announced, and after refreshing themselves, Mr. Spencer and Carrie returned to the cozy sitting-room, where they talked and chatted until half past eight.

They were then shown to their room, which was on the second story, in a wing somewhat distant from the main portion.

The room was very long, with a high ceiling. On one side was a window, and on the other a door.

Just above the door was a bust of King George III.

The room was very plainly furnished, containing two beds, a washstand, and a few chairs.

Carrie took in the whole room at a glance, and it must be confessed, had there not been a cheerful fire burning, she would have felt nervous about sleeping there. As it was, the warm glow lit up the room into comparative cheerfulness.

While she and her father sat by the fire, her eyes wandered to the bust above the door, when she noticed that the eye-balls had evidently been knocked out, leaving two empty spaces.

"Well, Carrie," said Mr. Spencer, presently, "I think you had better lock the door, I am going to count my money."

After Carrie had done so, he drew out a money-belt, heavy with bills, and proceeded to count them.

While doing so, Carrie's eyes involuntarily wandered again to the bust, when, to her horror and astonishment, in place of the empty space were two glittering eyes, greedily watching every movement of her father.

The young girl could scarcely repress a scream; but, controlling herself, she looked towards the fire, while her father went on counting the large roll of bills.

"I must have been mistaken," she said, "I thought I saw something, but it was only a shadow." "Good Heaven," thought Carrie, "what shall we do? We are evidently in a den of thieves, and will get murdered for my father's money!"

counting your money."  
"Read it," she said, aloud, handing the card to her father. "I want you to see if you think I am too extravagant."  
Her father betrayed no emotion as he read, but said—  
"You are pretty extravagant, Carrie. I suppose you think your father is made of money?" and he arose and went to the washstand, which was in a dark corner.

Once there he glanced toward the bust, and that glance confirmed his daughter's extraordinary statement. When he came back to his seat, Carrie saw that the eyes were gone.

Then, leaning towards her father, she said, in a low tone—  
"You see it, father? Well, they will probably come on it and get in through the window. I do not think they will make the attack before twelve, so I will get out of this window, jump from the shed, go to the barn and take our horse, and go to S— for help."

Flinging a wrap over her slight figure, she embraced her father tenderly, and bidding him not worry over her, she jumped lightly out on the shed and disappeared.

Mr. Spencer watched her for a while, then closing the window, took out a handsome watch, saw that it was nine o'clock, and proceeded to work.

He first covered up the fire, blew out the light, and rolled up a blanket, with which he made a dummy. This he placed in the bed which his daughter was to occupy.

Then he sat down and waited—oh, how anxiously!  
Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and no sound came from the barn.

Taking off his boots, he crept noiselessly to the window and peered out, but he could see nothing.

Then creeping to the washstand he laid his money-belt in the drawer and closed it.

He then threw himself on the bed, and once more waited.

After an hour had apparently gone by, Mr. Spencer threw off his coat and vest, tumbled up the bed, hopped to the door, unlocked it, and stepped out into the hall. This was all in accordance with Carrie's plan.

"Landlord! landlord!" he shouted.  
He then went back into the room and noiselessly threw up the window, all the time shouting for the landlord.

That worthy came flying up the stairs and, late as it was, he was still dressed.

"Oh, landlord," gasped Mr. Spencer, rushing toward him, "I have been robbed! my money is all gone!"

"Gone!" echoed the landlord, in dismay.  
"Who could have stolen it?" groaned Mr. Spencer. "I had five thousand dollars in a belt, and it is gone—stolen!"

The landlord lit the candle and looked all around, chagrin depicted on every feature.

"Why don't you wake your daughter, sir?" he questioned.  
Mr. Spencer hurried to her bed.

"Carrie, Carrie!" he called, but no answer came; and the landlord, drawing near with the light, saw the dummy, and cried—  
"What! the girl isn't there?"

"What!" gasped Mr. Spencer. "Oh, I see it all! The wicked girl has robbed me while I slept, and run off to meet her lover, from whom I was taking her."

He ran to the window, followed by the landlord.

"Yes, yes, here are footprints in the snow on the shed!" cried the landlord, while Mr. Spencer groaned aloud.

looking from the bust; they had evidently disappeared for the night.  
At last, after what seemed an age to the anxious watcher, he heard a loud knock on the front entrance, and five minutes afterwards heard the landlord stumble to the door.

Then followed a confused jumble of curses and struggles, then a rush of many feet up the long hall and stairway.

The next minute the door was thrown open and his daughter rushed in, followed by the officers, who dragged in the landlord and his confederates.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "you are safe, safe!" and throwing her arms around his neck the brave girl burst into happy tears.

The sheriff and his posse of men held the landlord and his confederates in a vice-like grasp, while Carrie related the adventures of her perilous ride.

"After I left the barn I let Tommy to a fence, all unsaddled, sprang on him, wound my arm round his neck, and whispered, 'Go, Tommy!' and away he went like the wind. Up and down, over the frozen road we went! My arms felt like ice. I thought I should certainly freeze, and after what seemed an age of cold and pain, and misery, we dashed into the main street of S—."

As we came up in front of the tavern the stage drove up, and the inmates sprang out and rushed to my assistance. I must have been almost insensible, for I had to be carried in by the landlord. I was given warm drinks until I fully recovered, and was able to relate my story. I told them my suspicions and my fears, and this gentleman—here Carrie paused, and turning to a fine-looking man near her, said, "Mr. James, by his ready belief in what I told, and his energy and spirit in arousing the sheriff and his men, has been the main cause in bringing assistance."

Mr. Spencer grasped the young man's hand, and thanked him.

"Your plan succeeded admirably, Carrie," he said, and advancing to the washstand, he took out the money-belt, saying, "My money is all right, as you see."

The landlord quivered with rage as he saw how completely he had been defeated.

As the men began to search the room, the landlord protested his innocence, declaring they had no right to hold him or his men prisoners, or to search his house.

Breaking open the door, above which was the bust, the men rushed in.

The room was empty, save for a long ladder, which reached a shelf above the door. A hole above the shelf disclosed the bust to be broken in half, so that a man could easily climb up the ladder, get on the shelf, thrust his head in the bust, which was large enough for an ordinary-sized man's head, and see all that was going on in the adjoining room.

This certainly looked suspicious, but absolute proof was yet wanting.

On returning to the room occupied by Mr. Spencer, they again searched every nook and corner.

Suddenly, Carrie and Mr. James, who had been standing by the fireplace, gave a loud cry, for on close examination they found spots of blood on the bricks which formed the hearth.

They began to pull up the bricks, which proved loose, when Carrie, feeling faint, gave way to the sheriff and his men, who soon had them all pulled up, when a cavity was disclosed, containing the murdered body of a gentleman whom Mr. James and the Sheriff remembered to have stopped at S— three days before.

The evidence was conclusive.

The landlord and his confederates were well guarded through the night, and the next day they were lodged in jail, where in due time they were sentenced, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Up in Plymouth County, Iowa, a hot discussion is raging between two professors in regard to whether baptizing should be done by dipping or sprinkling. As in usual in such cases both parties are trying to draw the editor of their local paper into the dispute, but he declines to be so drawn, and says to them in the following sensible manner, which, at the request of a friend, we copy from the *Lamar Sentinel*:

Neither of our readers nor the world at large care a fig whether it is right or which is wrong, or if either is. There was a time, two or three hundred years ago, when the sectaries of the old world fought over the question in all the wild fanaticism of the crusades a few centuries earlier. The world has moved on since then, so has Christianity. The progressive spirit of the present age has led to a great extent divested religion of its rights and ceremonies, and adorned it with the humanities. The question is no longer whether you have been sprinkled or dipped, but whether your heart is warmed with love. Faith and ceremony are rapidly yielding to knowledge and character. Dogma is being gradually discarded by the churches, and conduct demanded. Sooner or later the abstract belief of a man will be no more the subject of ecclesiastical criticism than the color of his garments, and we are so near that epoch now that whether *Baptis* means dip or sprinkle, has interest only for philologists.

## Ladies' Portfolio.

## HER PICTURE.

Wouldst see the brightness of the stars?  
Wait not for nights of cloudless skies;  
Not e'en Apollo's brilliance mars  
The glory of Julia's eyes.

Wouldst see on pearls, perfection pure?  
Seek not the costly nacre's breast;  
No pearl of Ind could e'en endure  
Compare with Julia's small white teeth.

The summer sun gives peaches bloom;  
Do not on trees that blossom seek;  
The fairest fruit that grows gives room  
When Julia's soul illumines her cheek.

Poets may promise Aurora dawn;  
But when my queen of earthly maidens  
Her blush of innocence puts on,  
With every pale Aurora dawns.

Dark is the raven's wing, I ween—  
A wave of midnight in the air;  
But deeper, grey that wing is seen,  
When Julia shakes her ebony hair.

Brooks laugh and bubble o'er the ground—  
Of pleasant things their music tells;  
But music's laugh is only found  
In Julia's mouth of silver bells.

In speech making alone rejoice—  
Last night you graced my banquet hall;  
But ne'er knew I a perfect voice  
Till Julia answered, "Yes, I love."

Then starry eyes and cheeks of bloom,  
And teeth of pearl and blush of dawn,  
And music voice and raven plume,  
And silver laughter—were all my own!

## Singing for a Wife.

Early in the spring we had put up a wren-house on our tall evergreen. It was a miniature house, only it had no windows and had no roof to the piazza; and for a door it had a round hole, just exactly big enough for a wren and no bigger, else the bluebirds would have taken it for theirs. Now they could not get in, and only a dear wren brown wren could have it. Our Gretchen was delighted, and danced up and down before it most of the time. She was afraid she would not see the birds take possession. By the middle of June wrens were in town, flitting around old mossy apple trees and singing everywhere. "Will they never come here?" said impatient Gretchen.

Very early one morning there was a new song among the robins and finches. Gretchen rushed down, in her nightgown. Yes, there he sat on the top of the bird-house, pouring out a flood of song. He broke off suddenly and popped in the round hole; then came out and sat on the piazza and sang again.

"Oh!" he was saying, "this is the dearest little house. How happy my wife and I will be here." This reminded him that he had no wife yet; so he flew to the tree-top, hopped to call her. Perched among the sweet smelling boughs, up against the sky, he sang as if he would spill his very throat, "Come, my dearie! O come to me!"

Across the fields floated the song and penetrated the thick shade of the orchard. But she did not hear, did not come. Again he inspected his house and again he sang with a courageous heart. Jenny came not. He flew to the orchard, and from every tree-top we could hear his song, long and loud.

The second day the merry bachelors prepared for his bride by bringing sticks and arranging them carefully within the tenement. "Oh!" sang he, "I have the snugnest house, high up above the reach of the cats. Come, wife, come, Jenny."

This day by day the little fellow called and entreated with a stout heart. Gretchen fidgeted and wondered where the Jennies could keep themselves, when such a charming companion was to be had. Blue misels hung over the mountains, but no rain fell. Swallows swam the air in twos and threes. The fatherly robin flew back and forth at his happy work. The blackbirds launched their young brood into life with great noise. Only the wren had no mate. We fancied a sadness crept into the notes, and he seemed to sing wearily, wailing and calling all day long for a companion that came not. Those two weeks must have been as long to him as two years to us.

One day we were all out for a walk except Gretchen, who sat on the front door step in sight of the bird-house. We were away a long time, strolling on the river-banks. Presently we saw Gretchen running toward us. She came up dashed and happy, her very heart in her mouth. She caught hold of her father, pulled his head down and whispered something in his ear. He laughed, turned and whispered the same aloud to us:

"Wrenny's wife has come."  
We hastened home to see; and there she truly was, as quiet as a mouse, listening while he in rapture expatiated on all the delightful qualities of the house and laid himself and possessions at her feet. She graciously accepted him, in proof thereof taking out every stick he had put in, throwing them away as so much trash. Her manner said, "What do you bachelors know of house-keeping?" So she built her own nest and raised her brood of six and brought them out in good order without a single mishap. And Gretchen saw it all.

DELICATE CAKE.—One cup butter, two of sugar, three-quarter cup sweet milk, four of flour, six eggs (the whites only) three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted with the flour; whites of eggs put in last of all and the whole well beaten. Excellent cup cake made as above, only adding the yolks.

—What is supposed to be the skeleton of a murdered woman, has been found in the woods near Sturgeon.

## Local Matters.

## MOUND CITY.

ITS EARLY HISTORY AND PRESENT IMPORTANCE.

An Article of Interest to all our County Readers.

[We have repeatedly been placed under obligations to Capt. William Kancker for articles giving the early history of various localities in Holt County. The following sketch of Mound City is furnished us by him, and we have his promise to write up for us, from time to time, the other towns and neighborhoods of the county. These will be of great future value, as well as of present interest, and for the careful and painstaking manner in which they have been prepared, we again make our acknowledgments. Ed. SENTINEL.]

The locality now known as Mound City, was located at an early day, and has long been of great importance in a business sense. In 1840, a man by the name of Thomas Ferguson came here and settled on the south side of Davis Creek. In 1844 he sold the place to Andrew P. Jackson, from whom it received the name of Jackson's Point, which name continued to apply to the region of country where Davis Creek enters the Missouri bottom for a number of years afterward. The old Lackey road which was a continuation of the road from Savannah through Fillmore in the direction of Council Bluffs, entered the bottom here and passed up under the bluffs to the northwest. The stages from Oregon, on the great mail route from St. Joseph to Council Bluffs, made Jackson's Point one of their principal stations and freighters over the Lackey road all stopped here, making it one of the most desirable locations for profit in the upper country.

In 1857 the property having previously passed into the hands of Wm. A. Jones, a merchant of Oregon, a town was laid out on the north side of Davis Creek, embracing a portion of the present site of Mound City; and, postoffice was established under the same name, but in the spring of the following year, the property having passed into the hands of Galen Crow and his associates, the Mound City Town Company was formed. The old town of North Point was enlarged by the addition of more lots and blocks. The name Mound City was suggested by the mound like appearance of the Missouri river bluffs of this vicinity.

Several stores were soon established, a mill was built and many other improvements were made, and soon the growth of the place indicated the importance in its location that began to attract persons from all parts of the country, but the financial crisis of 1857 began to exert its influence and checked the growth of the place, and the war coming on soon after, it sunk into insignificance.

It was not until 1870, when John H. Glenn of Whig Valley, secured a controlling interest in the town that it revived sufficiently to encourage people to improve again. Since then there has been a steady and healthy growth, and the town now presents a very promising appearance. A school house, containing four rooms, has been built at a cost of \$5,000. A church costing \$2,500, two steam flouring mills with five run of stones and a grinding capacity of 350 sacks of flour, and 750 bushels of corn meal every 24 hours; besides several very good store houses and a large number of fine dwellings, have been built by the business men and citizens of the town. Good roads lead from the town in all directions. To Oregon is 124 miles; to Forest City about the same distance; Craig 9 miles northwest. Bigelow, nearly 4 miles a little south of west, is reached by a graded road, which being composed of the rich black bottom soil is not yet in complete order for teaming, but when improved by the transfer of a couple of feet of the bluff soil, will make an excellent outlet for the produce collected here. Minnesota Valley in Liberty township is reached by a road running west; New Point and Fillmore over the old Lackey road, which, of course, had been materially changed in many places to suit the demands of the farming community east of here.

Mound City is located in the south-western part of section 31, township 62 of range 38. A small part of the town is in section one of the township south. The distance to the north line of the county is nine miles; to the Nodaway river on the east is 11 miles, to the Missouri on the west, in a direct line, all the way through the bottom, 10 miles. To the extreme southern limit of the county, is about 19 miles in a direct line. It may be stated here that the Missouri river bottom here is broader than at any other point on this river in the State, the next in width being at or near Wakenda Prairie in Carroll county.

The rock formations peculiar to the southern and northern portions of the county do not appear here. At a point about two miles above Forest City the rocks disappear from the bluffs, and only appear about 14 miles above Craig, a distance from point to point, of 21 miles in a direct

## line.

The general character of the soil of the vicinity is, from the foot of the bluffs out in the bottom a rich black loam, capable of producing an endless variety of grain, fruit, and vegetables. In productiveness it exceeds the far famed Miami Bottoms of Ohio. The same amount of labor expended here in the production of a crop, would exceed the production there from 20 to 50 per cent.

The bluffs are composed of that peculiar formation that so distinguishes the Missouri river uplands; containing, as they do, sufficient amount of sand to render them entirely self-draining, they are capable of sustaining a vast amount of rain without injury to the crops. These lands, and this peculiarity applies as well to the greater part of the uplands of the Platte Purchase, are, owing to the natural drainage afforded by the presence of sand in the soil, among the best grade lands of the country, and make the production of that fruit, even at the lowest prices, remunerative. It is also well adapted to the cultivation of the apple, peach, cherry, plum, and nearly all the small fruits of the country.

Along the foot of the bluffs in this vicinity, a few feet under the surface, is found a yellow sand, that is extensively used for building purposes. It is found to answer well for that use. Owing to the absence of rock for building, bricks are extensively used for foundations, and two yards are kept busy making them during the building season.

A large quantity of good oak timber is found along Davis Creek and the bluffs north of town. The heavy timber districts of the bottom afford large quantities of native lumber, which is largely used in buildings and fences in the surrounding country. Pine, from Minnesota and Wisconsin, is also used in large quantities for finishing buildings.

In 1871, Henry Kunkel in prospecting for coal, on the north branch of Davis Creek, about two miles north east of Mound City, encountered a stream of water, 41 feet from the surface which flowed out at the top of the ground, and on further examination, proved to be mineral water, possessing great remedial properties. The Kunkel springs, as the place was soon after called, became the resort of invalids and pleasure seekers from long distances. Many invalids of long standing received permanent relief by imbibing the waters of this, now celebrated locality. The property is now owned by John W. Ogilvie, who has, at considerable expense, built a large hotel and otherwise improved the place so visitors may be comfortably entertained at all times.

About two years ago, some men in endeavoring to find the same, or one similar to the stream which flowed out at Kunkel's, discovered what they thought to be a thick seam of stone coal at the depth of about 74 feet from the surface, and at once measures were adopted to sink a shaft, but encountering large quantities of water, they were forced to abandon the proper measures to remove it. A year ago Gen. George H. Hall of St. Joseph, took hold of the matter, secured a fund for prosecuting the work, procured suitable machinery and went to work, but the extraordinary amount of water flowing in at the depth of about 90 feet, compelled him to abandon the effort and since then no effort has been made to give the question of the existence of coal at Mound City a practical solution.

Thomas Ferguson was not the first settler of the region of country of which Mound City is the center. In the spring of 1839, John D. Blair settled with his family at what is now the junction of the roads from Forest City and Oregon to Mound City. His sons Uriah and James, then in their teens, accompanied him. He also had four daughters. The first frame house built in the county, was erected by Mr. Blair on his farm more than thirty five years ago, and is now occupied by his son James. It is a large two-story building in a good state of preservation. John Hughes settled on the old Pope farm one mile further down toward Oregon, during the same spring. Daniel and Jeremiah Baldwin came from Indiana to the same neighborhood in which the Blairs now live, in October 1839, and George Blair in 1840.

Among the early business men of Mound City were Galen Crow, afterwards Sheriff and Representative in the Legislature. He followed Claib Jackson, as a member of the Lower House, to Arkansas and is now a resident of Austin, Texas. He was a man who stood high in the estimation of the people as a business man and citizen.

John B. McAllister, of Oregon, who at one time had more branch business houses than any other man above the Nodaway, established a store here, before the effects of the financial crisis of '57 began to influence business in northwest Missouri. The stringency of the times caught him with 'too many irons in the fire,' and the result was disastrous failure. The parent house at Oregon, the branches at Mound City, and Rock Port, Mo. and Lafayette, Kansas, went down with a terrible crash. McAllister strove manfully to bear up under the disaster, but finally succumbed to the grim monster just before the war broke out.

## B. B. Fraser, now of St. Joseph, was at one time the owner of the leading business house here.

Henry C. Banick, now of Lincoln county Kansas, owned the old Jackson's Point farm during part of the late war and for several years subsequent thereto.

Judge John F. Williams, lived two miles northwest of here for some years prior to the war and for some time after its commencement. He was a member of the county court when the \$75,000 subscription was made to the stock of the Platte county Railroad and opposed that measure. This act of the court, although clearly made under the law, was severely denounced by the people and almost led to open violence. The county has, since the war paid off the full amount of the bonds that were issued, which was for one-half the amount of stock subscribed. Judge Williams lives near Glenwood, Iowa, now, where he has for some years been engaged in the milling business.

The business of the town is represented now by the following persons and firms, viz:

General Stores—J. B. Chambers, Smith & Norman, S. B. Austin & Co. and Wm. Hamsher & Co.

Drug Stores—R. C. Glenn & Co. and J. Y. Hinchman. The first named, keep jewelry and give employment to A. J. Olin, a competent watchmaker. The last keeps the Post Office and devotes considerable time to Natural History.

Hardware, Agricultural Implements, Shoes and Tinsware—Cranell Bates & Co.

Confectionery, Groceries & Furniture—Wm. Dean.

Groceries—S. A. Glenn.

Harness, Saddlery, etc.—S. H. Crockett.

Lumber—Hobbsell Bros.

Millinery—Misses G. & O. Merrill, Miss Rose Biggs, Mrs. Jennie Clark and Mrs. Odell.

Furniture—Carpenter and Taylor.

Flouring Mills—J. W. Hall, 3 run; John Handford, 2 run.

Brickyards—John Hook and Sterling Murray.

Boots & Shoes—John Jackson and Eben Cooper.

Physicians—J. P. Jackson, Berry Meek and J. M. Tracy.

Dentist—Wm. Long.

Lawyers—L. R. Knowles, Col. Wm. Wilkinson, M. A. Duff, E. G. Smith, D. W. Thuma, Capt. C. E. Barnes, and Mayor James M. Robinson.

Land Agents—C. E. Barnes, Osborn and Marshall, Wingate King.

Carpenters—Milton Heron, Marion Landsdown, Christopher Ketting, Clay Backus, Augustus Bates and Perry Taylor.

Painters—T. J. Dunn, A. J. Martin and E. G. Smith.

Blacksmiths—Montgomery Blair.

Blacksmiths—Geo. Trook, Robert Glenn and Montgomery Blair.

Blacksmiths—John Gibson, Charles Biggers, Privett, Henry Tipton, G. W. McKinley.

Wagon Makers—C. O. Wetzel for G. W. McKinley, and Jacob Hickey with Henry Tipton.

Butcher—John Hiatt.

Saddle and Harness Maker—Capt. James S. Hart with S. H. Crockett.

Barber—Hugh Hill.

Surveyors—Wm. A. Mackay and Mark Strickler.

Saloon—Campbell and Hinks.

Restaurant—George Furst.

Justices of the Peace—C. E. Barnes and Wingate King.

Constable—John Steele.

Livery Stables—W. T. Hiatt, who runs a hack line to Migelow, and E. Maxlow.

## The Central Hotel kept by E. Maxlow, is the only public house in town.

The City Hotel having closed. Mr. Maxlow, however, attends to the wants of his hungry fellow men in a style that always gives good satisfaction. His motto is to allow no one to go away empty.

Mound City boasts of an excellent Cornet Band. The following are the members, viz:

L. D. Summers, Leader, 1st E. Flat.

Clay Backus, 1st B. Flat.

Hugh Hill, 2nd B. Flat.

Frank Hart, 1st Alto.

Milton Heron, 2nd Alto.

John Marshall, 2nd Tenor.

James Clark, Baritone.

T. E. Cooper, Tuba.

Virgil Kerns, Bass Drum.

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